

50

Popular Cowboy Songs  
OF  
Ranch & Range



"ALBERTA SLIM"

(No. 2 SONG BOOK)

These Songs are featured by

"ALBERTA SLIM"





# Famous Cowboy Songs

## 1 MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

Deep blue western skies by the little dream home  
There beneath shady trees I dreamed alone  
That some day my life long dream would come true  
With my little dream ranch home and two eyes of blue.

### CHORUS:

To my little dream home two eyes of blue,  
The wide rolling valley and a doggie or two,  
An old pol carol good enough for a start  
My old saddle pony that is dear to my heart.

Have made my life long dreams come true  
Now I can start on dry trails anew.  
My heartaches and hardships and sighs are through  
I've a little dream ranch home and two eyes of blue.

Riding down the lone trail singing neath  
twinkling stars  
My blue eyes have been nobodys darling but yours.  
Both keeping time our hearts full of song.  
Get along you little doggies get along roll along.

★ ★ ★

## 2 BROKEN DOWN COWBOY.

I'm just an old cowboy I've had my wild fling  
No more in the saddle will I ever swing  
There's more pals just like me awaiting the day.  
When there called to answer for sins we must pay.

My life was so happy I can hardly explain  
Where hardships are shared and no one to complain.  
And after the round-up I'll draw all my pay  
No thought of the future or some rainy day.

I wish I had followed the straight narrow trail  
That leads to green pastures or that hidden vail  
I'd been in that round-up on that judgement day.  
Now I'm left in the darkness and branded a stray.

I first went for drinking just thought it for fun,  
It led me to drinking and the use of a gun  
Till long years in person broke spirit and health.  
With someone to guide I may have had wealth.

Now all you young cowboys take warning to-day  
And follow the trail that straight narrow way  
Don't follow my foot steps don't start to roam  
I'm a broken down cowboy without any home.

I'm a broken down cowboy no job can I find  
I dread to think of that home o'er the hill  
My range days are over, my whole is done  
From drinking and gambling that started in fun.

★ ★ ★

## 3 I JUST CAN'T FORGET YOU OLD PAL

I sometimes wonder why--as the years are rolling by,  
Old memories it seems--haunting my dreams,  
It's so hard to forget--I'm sorry we met,  
I just can't forget you old pal.

### CHORUS:

Oh! think of me tonite--when the moon's shinin'  
bright happy dreams,  
As I gazed into your eyes--you said your moonlite  
and skies,  
Won't you come back I need you old pal?  
I miss your cheery smile--for you made life worth while.  
Now you left me lonely and blue,  
You said for your mistake--our forgives not too late,  
I just can't forget old pal.

It seems when you were near--my heart was full of cheer,  
Then you bid me goodbye--through blue tear-dimmed eyes  
It's so hard to forget--I'm sorry we met--  
I just can't forget you old pal.

## 4 EMPTY COT IN THE BUNK HOUSE TONIGHT.

There's an empty cot in the bunk house to-night  
And old pinto's head hanging low,  
His cowboy spurs and shaps on the wall,  
Limps gone where the good cowboy go.

He was riding the range last Saturday night,  
When a northerner begins to blow  
With his head on his chest heading into the West,  
He was stopped by a cry soft and low,  
A crazy young calf had strayed from his Ma,  
And was lost in the rain and the storm,  
He lay in a bunch at the end of the draw,  
Huddled all in a bunch to keep warm.

He arrived at three in the morning, and put that  
maverick to bed.  
He rolled in his bunk unable to move  
This morning poor Limpy was dead.

There's a place for every cowboy  
Where the foreman takes care of his own,  
There'll be an empty saddle to-night,  
But he's happy up there I know.

### EXTRA CHORUS:

There's a range for every cowboy,  
Where the maker takes care of his own.  
And I know old Limpy is happy  
On the range up there I know.

★ ★ ★

## 5 YO-HO VALLEY

I'm longing tonight once more to roam  
In a beautiful valley I can always call home  
There's a girl I adore and I'm longing to see,  
In a beautiful Yo-ho valley.

### CHORUS:

My--little Yo-ho La-dy de-ho,  
I'll sing you a song, while the moon is hanging low.  
My little Yo-ho La-dy de-ho.  
In a beautiful Yo-ho valley.

It seems when we met all our dreams had  
come true,  
I gazed in those heavenly eyes, Oh! so blue,  
Your smile seemed to linger like a golden memory,  
Of a beautiful Yo-ho valley.

★ ★ ★

## 6 MOTHER'S LULLABY

In an ivy-covered cabin at the closing of the day  
A mother nursed a baby on her knee.  
The child's blue eyes were shining as she raised  
her head and said:

"Mother, dear, please sing a lullaby to me."

The mother gazed with rapture on the one she  
loved so well,

"I'll sing a song to you, my dear," said she.

It's a song that I remember through the passing  
of the years,

It's a song my own dear mother sang to me.

(Yodel)

The child's eyes closed in slumber as the last few  
notes rang clear,

And down the mother's cheeks a tear drop fell.  
It brought back memories of the time when she

but a child,

And her mother sang the song she loved so well.

And her mother sang the song she loved so well.

Outside the dusk had fallen as the moon

came o'er the hill

And shone upon the cabin 'neath the pines.

From the mountain came an echo of this

little lullaby,

As the mother sang these last few little lines.

(Yodel).

Hello Radio Friends Everywhere:-

I just thought I would drop in on you for a few minutes and tell you how much I appreciate all your encouraging letters.



I've travelled a long way, me and my old guitar, and have struck many obstacles because I tried to sing and yodel.

Since publishing my first book of 50 Favorite Cowboy Songs, I've had many requests for other songs not found in that book. In answer to your requests I have rounded up another 50 popular Cowboy Songs.

Hoping that you will get as much enjoyment singing them, as I get singing them for you.

Well "Kitten," I guess we'll be hittin' the trail, so come ride the range and yodel with me.

Happy listening,



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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN  
ENGLAND.



I give you a toast, ladies and gentlemen!  
I give you a toast, ladies and gentlemen!  
May this fair land we all love so well  
In dignity and freedom dwell  
Though our world may change and  
go away  
While there is still one voice to cry—

There'll always be an England  
While there's a country lane,  
Wherever there's a cottage small  
Beside a field of grain.

There'll always be an England  
While there's a busy street  
Wherever there's a turning wheel  
You'll find a million marching feet.

Red white and blue! What does  
it mean to you?  
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud!  
Britain's awake!  
The Empire too, we can depend on you:  
Freedom remains, these are the chains  
nothing can break.

There'll always be an England  
And England shall be free!  
If England means as much to you  
As England means to me.

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# Famous Cowboy Songs

## 7 RED RIVER VALLEY BLUES.

There's a shack in the red river valley  
That is shaded by evergreen trees  
It was there that we all strolled together  
And you said that you loved only me.

Do you think of the day that you left me  
You promised some day you'd return  
I'm still waiting here sad and lonely  
For you darling my heart will always yearn  
YODEL :

Do you think of the nights in the valley  
As we lingered beside rippling streams  
Now surely you have not forgotten  
How we planned all our golden dreams.

Won't you ever come back to the valley  
To a half-breed that's lonely and blue  
Many years I have waited my darling  
Don't you know that you said you'd be true

YODEL :

Seems I still see the old covered wagon  
And the first day I ever met you  
Never dreaming our meeting would  
bring sorrow  
And the Red River Valley blues.

I will rest in the red river valley  
Where we parted and bid fair adieu,  
But remember the red river valley  
And my red river valley blues. Yodel :

★ ★ ★

## 8 THE SAILOR'S PLEA.

Dear sweet heart I write to you,  
My heart is filled with pain.  
For if it's true I hear of you,  
I'll ne'er see you again  
They tell me darling that to-night  
That you wed another man  
But if this is true I'll tell you now  
My boat will never land.

You promised dear you'd wait for me  
That nothing would come between  
That in my home some day you'd be  
My wife and lovely queen.  
I filled for you a cosy home  
And built a garden there  
And planted to with my own hands  
Sweet flowers rich and fair.

My future hopes were built in you  
You've been my guiding star.  
Please write and tell that you're true  
To a sailor who waits afar  
Please tell me that you love me yet  
And still long to be my wife  
Then I'll return and then we'll wed  
And live a happy life.

★ ★ ★

## 9 THE BIG CORRAL

That big husky brute from the cattle chute,  
Press along to the Big Corral;  
He should be branded on the snout,  
Press along to the Big Corral.

CHORUS:

Press along, Cowboy, press along,  
Press along with a cowboy yell,  
Press along, with a noise, big noise;  
Press along to the Big Corral.

The chuck we get ain't fit to eat,  
Press along to the Big Corral;  
There's rocks in the beans and sand in  
the meat,  
Press along to the Big Corral.

## 10 BACK TO THE OLD CARIBOO

Sitting alone by my fireside tonight,  
Dreaming of days gone by,  
Of days that were true in the old Cariboo,  
With my old guitar, with my pony and I.

CHORUS:

Clippity clop, clippity clop,  
Down the trail I roam;  
Coyotes howling to the moon,  
That's the place where the dogies roam,  
And my heart is yearning  
Once more to be returning,  
Back to the old Cariboo.

Chaps in the corner, Stetson on the wall,  
Bring back the memories so true,  
And they seem to say: Take me back  
there today,  
Back to the old Flying-U.

I'll dust off my saddle, take my hat off  
the wall,  
And put on my chaps once again,  
Climb on my pony and head back  
once more,  
Back to that Flying-U range.

★ ★ ★

## 11 THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL.

Well come along boy's,  
And listen to my tale;

I'll tell you of my troubles on the old  
Chisholm Trail.

CHORUS

Co-ma ti yi you-py, you-py ya, you-py ya!  
Co-ma ti yi you-py, you-py ya!

I started up trail October twenty- third;  
I started up trail with the 2U herd.

Woke up one morning on the  
Chisholm Trail,  
Rope in my hand, and a cow by the tail.

I'm up in the morning afore daylight,  
And before I sleep the moon shines bright.

Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,  
But he'd go to see the girls on a  
sway-backed hoss.

Oh, it's bacon and beans 'most every day;  
I'd as soon be eatin' prairie hay.

It's cloudy in the West, a-lookin' like rain,  
And my dammed old slickers in the  
wagon again.

I jumped in the saddle and I grabbed  
the horn

Best durned cow-puncher ever was born.  
I went to the boss to draw my roll;  
He figgered me out nine dollars in the hole.

So I sell my outfit as fast as I can,  
And I won't punch cows for no  
damned man,

Goin' back to town to draw my money,  
Goin' back to town to see my honey.

With my knees in the saddle and my  
seat in the sky,  
I'll quit punching cows in the sweet  
bye and bye.

## 12 IT'S ALL OVER NOW.

It's all over now, I won't worry,  
There's nothing that time won't erase.  
It's all over now, I won't worry,  
Still I long for that smile on your face.

The days that we spent while together,  
Are still fresh in my memory. Sure are boy,  
It's all over now, I won't worry,  
Still I wish you were back here with me.

The summer has gone and I've waited,  
My waiting has all been in vain.  
It's all over now, I won't worry,  
And with you my poor heart will remain.

It's all over now, I won't worry,  
The years has past by and I'm old,  
It's never to late, I won't worry,  
And my love for you never grows old.

I know in your heart your still lonely,  
The time that we swore we'd work hard,  
But fate seemed to fashion its own trail,  
That's why I'm breaking my heart.

You say you don't love another,  
But in silence I know you must cry.  
I pray that some day you'll return dear,  
Please don't make this our lasting goodbye.

★ ★ ★

## 13 MY RAMBLING DAYS ARE THROUGH.

Many years I've been a Rambler,  
No place I could call home,  
Always bumming from town to town,  
Forever on the roam.  
The cold rain keeps a falling  
There's not a train in sight,  
I guess I'll have to make my bed by  
the railroad track tonight.

When at last the cold gray dawning,  
I hear a whistle shrill,  
Around the bend she's coming rite  
for the grade uphill.  
I swing to board and miss her, the  
speed has thrown me lose.  
In one wild swing I grab again,  
Aboard that old caboose.

Up steps a stern conductor,  
To put me off the train,  
Said he your just a Rambler  
A railroad bum of fame  
I looked at him, and said, sir  
If you can't trust me, explain,  
I'm sure you won't object of me  
To ridin' on your train.

You see I left my home sir ,  
When I was just a boy  
Not old enough to know the ropes  
That life was not all joy.  
Today I'm heading for my home  
Would not even know my dad,  
They say he is a railroad man  
The best pal a hobo had.

The whistle broke the silence,  
The conductor looked and smiled  
A tear drop fell from misty eyes.  
He said, thank God and sighed,  
Your rambling days are through, my boy,  
You are my long lost son.  
And when we hit that down grade home,  
We'll both be on this run.



## Famous Cowboy Songs

### 14 WHEN I BID THE PRAIRIE GOODBYE.

There's a place to me dear, growing dearer each year,  
It's a little dream ranch in the West,  
Here I'll live and I'll die 'neath the blue Western sky,  
Till I bid my old range land goodbye.

#### CHORUS :

When I bid the old prairie goodbye, goodbye,  
Let me rest in peace 'neath the sunset sky,  
Where the cattle low on the green hillside  
There's where I'll end my last goodbye,  
When I bid the old prairie my last goodbye  
I'll be heading for a new range in the sky,  
May I meet my new range boss on high,  
When I bid the old prairie my last goodbye.

Tho' my days are but few, still I never get blue,  
'Cause my life long dreams have come true  
On the range I'm content- 'til my days are spent,  
Then I'll bid my old range land goodbye.

★ ★ ★

### 15 ROUND-UP IN CHEYENNE.

Swinging in the saddle across the sagebrush sea,  
In the West the sun is sinking low,  
A jolly bunch of cowboys together so happy and free,  
We are heading for the cowboy jamborie,  
Our round-up days are over  
And every little doggie with its brand  
And now we're all ridin' to have a little fun  
At the stampede at old Cheyenne.

#### YODEL :

Lariots a swinging in the old carol,  
Long horned cattle mill around,  
We cowhands awaiting as they leave the gate  
We rope'em and throw them to the ground.  
The bucking bronks are a twisting  
The spurs are a raking down their sides,  
You can bet there always trying to win the fight,  
But those punchers sure know how to ride.

#### YODEL :

Off to the round-up here comes the old barn dance,  
Cowboys and cowgirls at the ball. "Woopie."  
Oh! you should see them as they sway and prance.  
And swing there partners round the hall,  
Hear them guitars a ringing-----  
The music from the fiddle keeps in time  
The cowgirls a singing their hearts are gay and light.  
A looking so pretty and fine.

#### YODEL :

A cowboy loves the prairie,  
But I know you'll understand  
That the best time of the year is when he goes to town,  
At the stampede at old Cheyenne.

★ ★ ★

### 16 TWILIGHT OVER TEXAS.

When evening shadows fall and lone coyoties call,  
I saddle old paint and ride away ah, ah,  
Under the star light sky, till the moon rides high,  
Riding and thinking of you.

#### CHORUS :

Twilight over Texas reminds me of the night,  
When we rode the trail through the winding vale  
Silvery moon beams were dancing across the rolling range  
And you whispered you loved me so true,  
When its round-up time and camp fires are gleaming  
Each night sweetheart of you I am dreaming,  
Strumming guitars, twinkling stars, cowboys singing low,  
Twilight over Texas and you.



### 17 WABASH CANNON BALL

From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore  
From the queen of flowery mountains to the westward  
by the shore.  
She's tall and she's handsome, and she's known  
quite well by all.  
She's a regular combination on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

#### CHORUS :

Listen to the jingle, and the rumble and the roar,  
As she glides along the woodland by the sea and  
by the shore,  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear the lonesome  
hobo squall.  
She's coming through the jungle on the Wabash  
Cannon Ball.

She came down to Burmingham one cold December day,  
As she passed through the station you could hear  
the people say.  
There's a gal from Tennesse she's long and she's tall,  
She came down from Burmingham on the Wabash  
Cannon Ball.

The Eastern States are dandy, so all the people say,  
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way.  
From the hills of Minnesota, where the rippling  
waters fall  
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Here's to Daddy Claxton may his name forever stand,  
And long to be remembered in the state of Alabama,  
His earthly days are over, and curtain round him fall  
He's riden through to glory on the Wabash Cannon Ball.



# Famous Cowboy Songs

## 18 MY LULU.

My lulugal hugged and kissed me,  
She rung my hand and cried,  
She said I was the sweetest thing that  
ever lived or died.

My lulugal is tall and slender,  
My lulugal is tall and slim,  
The only thing that satisfys her,  
Is a good big snort of gin.

If you monkey with my lulugal,  
I'll tell what I'll do,  
Carve your heart with a razor,  
Shoot you with a pistol too  
Oh! the lulugall she's a daisy,  
She wares a big white hat.  
I'll bet my life when we go to town  
The dudes all get the flap.

I ain't a going to work on the railroad,  
I ain't a goin' to lay in jail,  
Goin' down to Reno town  
To live with lulugal.  
My lulugal she's no angle,  
She's got no gold wings  
Guess I'll buy her a weddin' ring,  
When the grass is green in the spring.

Oh! the engineer blew the whistle,  
The fireman rung the bell,  
Lulu in her pink kimona  
Said Oh! baby fare thee well  
I'm agoin' to Oklahoma,  
Where the gals are all corn-fed,  
And if I don't get my lulubell  
I'll get another one instead.

My lulugal ain't no angle  
She aint no precious pearl,  
I'm going to live out on the farm  
With my lulugal.



## 19 YODELLING MEMORIES

Gazing out across the prairie  
When the evening sun hangs low,  
Another range land deserted  
Not the days of long ago. (Yodel)  
When I yodel away my pass time  
While it echos through the glade,  
And it takes me back a dreaming  
Of those rambling days.

### CHORUS:

Prairie days bring back yodeling memories  
Old pals of years gone by.  
When we rode the ranges together,  
'Neath blue Alberta skies. (Yodel)  
Yodeling songs we sang in the twilight,  
Harmonizing melodies.  
Could I but turn back years gone by  
Of my yodeling memories. (Yodel)

Yodeling memories bring back heartaches,  
Yodeling memories bring back sighs.  
When its spring time in the rockies,  
Thats when I long to ride. (Yodel)  
Yodeling down the winding canyon,  
Where the mountain waters flow.  
Where the whispering pines keep swaying,  
Seems to me they really know.

## 20 WHY SHOULD I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU NOW.

Why should I feel sorry for you now  
You're the one that shadowed every vow,  
I believed in you but you proved untrue,  
Why should I feel sorry for you now.

I remember on that dreary day,  
When I begged you not to go away.  
But you didn't care you left me in despair,  
Why should I feel sorry for you now.

Why should I forgive you and forget,  
Scars upon my heart are not healed yet,  
Now my eyes are dry its your turn to cry  
Why should I feel sorry for you now.

Why should I feel sorry over you,  
You just laughed at me when I felt blue,  
Though your eyes are wet, I'm learning  
to forget,  
Oh why should I feel sorry for you now.

★ ★ ★

## 21 THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

On a hill far away  
Stands an old rugged cross,  
The emblem of suffering and pain,  
And I love that old cross,  
Where the dearest and best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
Till my trophies at last I lay down,  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it some day for a crown.

Oh, that old rugged cross,  
So despised by the world.  
Has a wonderous attraction for me,  
It was on that old cross  
Jesus suffered and died,  
For a world of lost sinners, to free.

★ ★ ★

## 22 ROUND-UP IN CHEYANNE.

For years we have roamed or the prairie,  
Workin' on this ranch and that,  
We ate from the old chuck wagon  
At home where we took off our hats  
We both loved the smell of the cactus,  
The heat never bothered at all.  
We waited in feverished excitement -  
For the round-up to come in the fall.

### CHORUS:

Ki--o, Ki--a,  
Watch the little doggies all day, Ah,  
Ki--o, Ki--a,  
Lest the litte fellows should stray.

The fence was lined up with people,  
To see all the boys do their stuff  
The horse that I road was a piker,  
My partner road one that was tough.  
He threw him sky-high in the saddle  
He came down and lit on his side  
Right there in the carrol  
With his boots on my partner had died

### CHORUS

Now I'm left on the prairie,  
The tear drops fall unashamed,  
But I know that my partner is happy  
Up there on that heavenly range.

## 23 I'VE ONLY LOVED THREE WOMEN.

I've only loved three women  
In all my weary life.  
The first one was my mother dear,  
The one that gave me life  
Then God gave me a sister  
I loved her more than life  
And when I grew to be a man  
I took my darling wife.

### CHORUS:

For I've only loved three women  
In all my weary life  
My mother dear, my sister fair.  
And my dear darling wife.

We traveled East we traveled West,  
And God knows how I tried  
For every time she done me wrong  
I'd forgive my loving wife  
I'd take her in my loving arms  
Forgive her again and again  
Till one spring day, she ran away  
With a man I thought was my friend.

Then I traveled East and I  
traveled West,  
But I traveled all alone  
And after two long years had gone  
I found the man that wrecked my home  
They put me in the jail house  
But that don't worry me  
For if they take away my life  
It will put my worries free.

★ ★ ★

## 24 DEAR OLD DADDY OF MINE.

Shadows slowly falling  
Among the whispering pines  
I see a light a burning,  
In that dear old shack of mine  
I hasten down the pathway  
To see a face devine  
And waiting there to meet me  
Is that dear old daddy of mine.

### CHORUS

O Daddy, dear old daddy,  
You've been a real pal to me  
Guiding my faltering footsteps  
Across life's stormy sea.  
When the roll is called up yonder  
We may have parted for a time  
But I know we shall meet up in heaven,  
Dear old daddy of mine.

Seated by the fireside  
The hours go swiftly by,  
Watching the glowing embers  
As they slowly fade and die,  
But life is like a vision  
That blooms and fades away  
Like a rosebud in the morning  
Fading at the close of day.

Gray dawn breaks before me  
The sun begins to shine  
There to bid me welcome  
Is that dear old daddy of mine  
His hair has turned to silver,  
His soul is still devine  
He guides me from temptation,  
That dear old daddy of mine.



# Famous Cowboy Songs

## 25 THE SUNSET TRAIL TO TEXAS.

I'd love to be in Texas by the silvery Reo Grande,  
And smell the blooming cactus where the cowboys  
rope and brand.

I'd like to fill the saddle and hear the doggies bawl,  
And herd those long horned cattle when the round-up  
starts in the fall.

### CHORUS :

Get along old paint, get going, get along old pal,  
Where the Reo Grand is softly flowing, where  
coyotes howl,  
Soon we will be in Texas, beautiful state of Texas,  
It is a blissful land.  
Get along old paint, get going, get along old pal,  
Reo Grand is softly flowing where coyotes howl,  
Out on the sunset trail sorrows will not prevail,  
Down by the Reo Grande.

★ ★ ★

## 26 OLD BARN DANCE.

W're all headed out for a grand time tonite,  
Headin' for the old barn dance,  
There's Granpa and Granma and old Aunt Suzana,  
Watch 'em, when they all start to prance.

### CHORUS :

Oh, swing your lady, whisper you're my baby,  
Make a date, don't lose your lucky chance  
Say you'll be my shiek, and you'll take her every week.

And you'll join in the old barn dance,  
Oh, home, home, its home sweet home,  
Old pal, you can be my lucky chance,  
You can be my sheik, and I'll take you every week,  
And we'll join in the old barn dance.

### YODEL :

The old barn is shaking as we swing to the music,  
Oh, listen to that old fiddel moan,  
The rafters are ringing, everybody singing,  
We'll dance till the morning and then go home.

★ ★ ★

## 27 MY YODELING SWEETHEART.

He was a young cowboy as lonely as could be,  
I was the young maiden with heart light and free,  
I rode through the valley 'neath the bright  
prairie moon,  
I heard the sweet echo of his yodeling tune.

### CHORUS :

I'm lonely tonight, (Yodel)  
For my yodeling pal, (Yodel)  
It brought back old memories these words he did say,  
I answered the call in an old fashioned way, (Yodel)

The rose covered valley the fragrance so fair,  
Seemed to set me a dreaming in the cool evening air,  
To see him once more, no more we will part,  
I'm his yodeling pal, he's my yodeling sweetheart.

With the soft mellow tone of the strumming guitar,  
The moon seemed to smile from the great range afar,  
The valleys around seemed to open and part,  
We two lovers sang- my yodeling sweetheart.

## 28 IT'S COWBOY'S NITE TO HOWL.

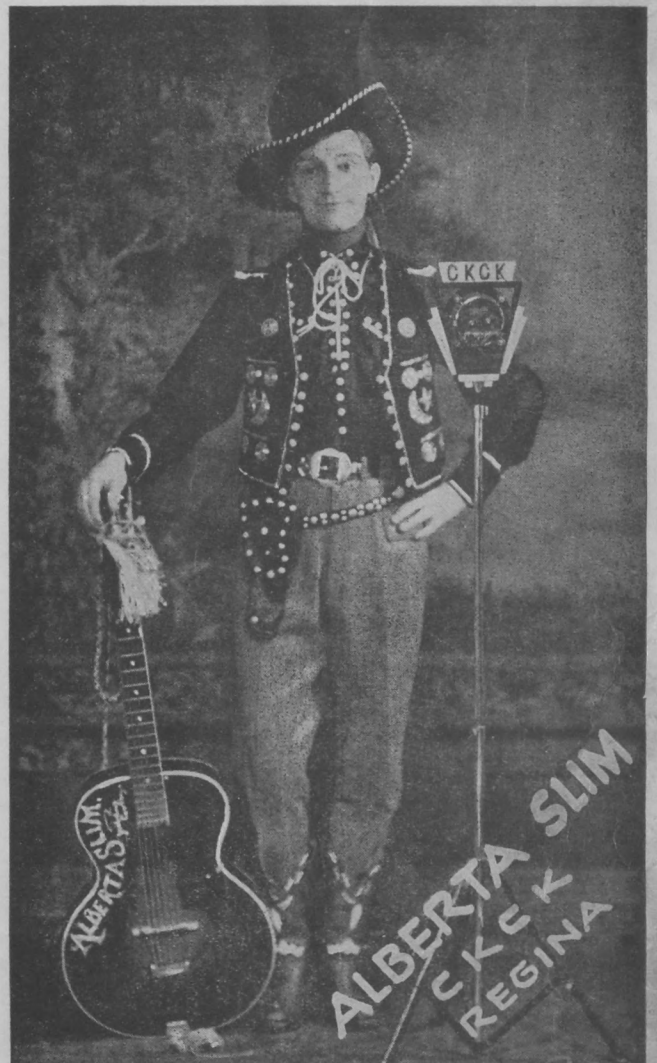
I'm saddling up my broncho, boys, I'm headed  
out of town,  
Come on and join me in my fun, I'm tired of  
hanging around.  
Tonite they say is cowboy nite, git off that old corral,  
And let us take the town by storm, tonite's my  
nite to howl.

### CHORUS :

Tonite's my nite to howl boys, Hi yippy yi yippy oh!  
I'm hunting for some pretty girl that can  
ride and cook and sew.  
Go round them up, corral them,  
Be like the wise old owl  
Don't say a word and I'll fix that bird because tonite's  
my nite to howl.  
And when I get her roped boys, and I get her consent,  
We'll take in the cabaret, till all our money's spent.  
Each time I meet a city guy, he'll look at me  
and scowl, (ha ha)  
But what the heck boys, I know my rep, 'cause  
tonite's my nite to howl.

### YODEL :

Now that the old town has gone to sleep, we'd  
better hit the trail.  
And let us wake up parson Jones, and listen to him wail,  
And when he sees that gal of mine he'll blink  
just like an owl.  
And then he'll say hi yippe yay, tonite's my nite to howl.  
And when at last the knot was tied and we was  
on our way.  
The old moon rolling along on high seemed to  
wink and say.  
You're sure a lucky son of a gun, don't mind my  
little scowl.  
Most any dog will have its day, tonite's my nite to howl.





# Famous Cowboy Songs

"Hi Ho! Folks, here I come" Slim.



## 29 MIDNIGHT, THE UNCONQUERED OUTLAW.

Way down in old Wyoming way out on the  
grassy plain,  
There's a horse that's never been conquered  
Called Midnight of rodeo fame.

He was once a hard working pony;  
Herding doggies way out on the plain,  
And he emptied most of the cowboys  
With his shining black coat and long mane.  
One day while out on the prairie,  
He took fright at a mere tumble weed  
That sent this black horse into bucking,  
He was no more a cow-pony steed.

He was soon taken out to the round-up,  
On his back no rider could reign,  
But would go twisting high in the heaven  
And fall like a stone to the plain,  
In the chute he'd stand just a-shakin',  
With hate gleamin' out of his eyes  
When turned out he'd leap o'er the heaven  
A twisting black streak there on high.

Then he'd dart like old Strawberry Roan,  
That once tyrannized all the range,  
But Midnight, the world's king of outlaws  
Never stopped for to hand you, your change.  
With a snort he'd greet you defiant,  
Swap ends with the greatest of ease  
And leave his rider a-sailin'  
Along through the dust and the breeze.

Many years he has fought for his freedom,  
Stampeding North, South, East and West,  
Piling up all the good riders  
Even Turk who's considered the best  
Ne'er again the touch of the saddle,  
Nor raking of spurs 'long his side  
His stampeding days, they are over  
He has won the last great final ride.

His last stand in Cheyenne, Wyoming,  
Was the greatest in all his career,  
And now he has won out his freedom  
At the age of just seventeen years.  
And now he's king of all outlaws,  
E'en the Strawberry and the ridge running Roan  
He can snort, he can greet them defiance  
He majestically stands on his throne.  
As the years roll by there'll linger  
A story of many a fall,  
As the cowboys tell of the stampede  
And Midnight, unconquered outlaw.

## 30 RATTLIN' CANNONBALL.

All aboard boy, everybody going my way crawl aboard  
the Rattlin' Cannonball.

Gather round me comrades, and listen while I tell,  
About the good old ramblin' days you have heard  
some tell

First I was a hobo and claimed the rattlers call  
Took the first wild ramblin' trip on the  
Rattlin' Cannonball.

She always blue the whistle, on every curve and hill  
Always knew the signal by the whistle, oh! so shrill  
The hobos' love to ride her, and often heard them call  
It's great to be aboard once more, the  
Rattlin' Cannonball.

She travels thru the valley, down the mountain  
she would roll

It seems the rolling rattle would some day take it's toll  
Years she's been a-runnin', and ne're can I recall  
Did I ever see a smash-up on the Rattlin' Cannonball.

As I said boy I've travelled, took many a first wild ride  
On the good old Rattlin' Cannonball but I stuck  
by her side,

To-day I'm conductor so many a story told  
But I never pulled a hobo off the Rattlin' Cannonball.

Well boys I must start rollin' to get there on time  
She's 60 cars from head to tail runnin' the main line  
All aboard we're off boys, hear the happy hobo's call  
We're headed for a good long trip on the  
Rattlin' Cannonball.

The rich man rides the parlor with all its splendor grand  
The hobo rides the box-car, his home's in any land,  
But if you want to travel in style you have them all.  
Just take a trip from coast to coast on the  
Rattlin' Cannonball.

★ ★ ★

## 31 MARY DEAR.

Good bye Mary, I must go,  
Said: a lad now don't greave so,  
For it's duty calls me far across the sea.  
Take this autumn leaf of gold,  
Said: the maid we'll never grow old,  
Always wear it next your heart and think of me.

Meet me yonder down the lane  
When I come back home again,  
'Neath the tree where this golden leaf once grew.  
Kiss me darling then we'll part,  
Said: a lad with a broken heart,  
When the leaves begin to fall I'll be with you.

I'll be there, Mary Dear, I'll be there,  
When the fragrance of the rose fills the air,  
'Neath that old tree grand and tall,  
When the leaves begin to fall.  
I will be there, yes, I'll be there, Mary Dear.  
See the lad with his empty sleeve, of his  
comrades taken leave,  
They were home again, the transport  
had come back.

If she loved you long ago,  
She won't love you less, I know,  
But one arm will do to hold her to you Jack.

It was autumn time again  
As he wandered down the lane,  
There beneath the old oak tree he found a grave,  
So he knelt in silent prayer.  
For the one he loved slept there,  
As the tears fell on the golden-leaf she gave.



# Famous Cowboy Songs

## 32 MY BROWN EYED PRAIRIE ROSE.

Cross the rolling prairies wide  
Where the red, red roses hide,  
My boyhood dreams I fashioned  
while I strayed,  
Years ago I made up my mind,  
Never, never would I find  
Another sweetheart like my brown-eyed  
prairie rose.

### CHORUS:

You can take sweet violets blue  
All the other flowers too,  
The red rose is the flower of my heart,  
When the sun has gone to rest  
'Neath the mountains to the west,  
I am happy with my brown-eyed  
prairie rose.

Down the canyon we will ride  
Where the red, red roses hide,  
Their fragrance fills the golden nite  
in June,  
Down the trail we'll harmonize  
Underneath the twilight skies,  
As we softly sing my brown-eyed  
prairie rose.

Where the white faced cattle roam  
There's no place like home sweet home,  
With the little ranch house nestled 'mong  
the hills  
Now my dreams have all come true,  
'Neath that heavenly sky so blue,  
There's no sweetheart like my brown-eyed  
prairie rose.

★ ★ ★

## 33 BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF THE PRAIRIE.

Hi-- Hi-- Hi-- Hi-- Hi.  
Beautiful girl of the prairie,  
With eyes of Blue and heart so true  
She's the girl I'm going to marry.  
Hi-- Hi-- Hi-- Hi-- Hi.  
Beautiful girl of the prairie  
We'll ride along and sing a song  
Of our love that bloomed on the prairie.  
In the sunset glow aridin' slow,  
Just me and my girl on the prairie  
A deaming dreams and lovely scenes  
How could we ever be lonely.

### CHORUS:

The twinkling stars and strumming guitars  
We'll pledge our love for ever.  
No rose so fair can e're compare  
To my sweetheart on the prairie.



## 34 THE MOOSE RIVER GOLD MINE RESCUE.

Way down in old Nova Scotia,  
Moose River, it seems is the name.  
Three Canadians on Easter Sunday  
To the tumble down gold mine they came,  
They ascended the mine for inspection,  
Never dreaming that fate trailed close by  
With a crash that gave them no warning,  
Entombed in that mine there to die.

Many men from all over the country  
Volunteered to give up their lives,  
They slaved with unceasing efforts  
It seemed that death they'd defy,  
Long days and nights they labored  
Turned back when great cave ins fell,  
While far below patiently waiting,  
Three men were in one living hell.

Many turned back when near rescued,  
Fate seemed always blocking their way.  
With a prayer on their lips they  
worked onward,  
We must win, we must win, pray we may  
On Sunday they got their first message,  
From the men prisoned, far, far below  
Can you help us they heard the men  
calling,  
Our sufferings God above only knows.

Next message filled all hearts with sorrow,  
When they heard them say, one pal  
is gone  
We are trying our best to hold on boys,  
Do your best, please don't make it to long.  
At last the great strain it was broken,  
A miner out of breath brought the news;  
We have won the great fight he was calling  
At last we have won our way through.

That great fight against the dark angel,  
It is won fighting hard all the way,  
Still a tragedy came with the rescue,  
Of the tomb of those terrible days  
Now friends this story is ending  
With hardships of many a day  
But the rescue will go down in history  
Of the gold mine down Moose River way.

★ ★ ★

## 35 DON'T LET ME DOWN OLD PAL.

The last rays of sunset was fading  
A bronk stood with head hanging low,  
A cowboy in vain tried to mount him  
The last mile a-trying to go.

### CHORUS:

Carry me home I'm all alone out on  
the prairie  
Take me back to your round-up carrol  
Carry me home I'm all alone out on the prairie  
Oh! don't let me down old pal.

His last hope he clung to the stirup,  
Then he motioned his faithful pal.  
Hours later they stopped at the ranch house  
Just west of the round-up carrol.

That night as he lay in the bunk house,  
We all thought him plum out of his head,  
Then he smiled as he motioned us closer  
And these are the words that he said.

## 36 BY THE SILVERY MOONLIGHT TRAIL.

In a silvery moonlight valley  
Where man has seldom roamed,  
Lives a rancher and his daughter  
For years they made heir home,  
For years they road the ranges  
And knew every hidden trail  
At night she loved to linger  
By the silvery moonlight trail.

Each night she'd go out ridin'  
When the moon was shining bright,  
While the moon shone over the tree tops  
Leaving the valley a silvery light,  
While she sat there on her pony  
And gazed at the trail afar  
The silence was suddenly broken  
By a voice and a strumming guitar.  
She sat for a moment and listened  
It came from the moonlight trail,

She spurred her pony onward  
Across the shadowing vale,  
And there in a spot she loved so well  
Sat a cowboy humming a tune  
About a girl he loved to be with,  
In the light of the silvery moon.

The moonlight cast a shadow  
There stood a maiden fair.  
The moonlight cast a silvery glow  
Across her golden hair,  
Her face was like an angels  
Her teeth was like the pearls,  
She smiled and then I knew her  
I'd found my long lost girl.

So many times we've wondered when the  
moon was shining bright,  
When the moon shone over the tree tops  
leaving the valley a silvery light  
Its been years since we parted,  
Our love has never failed  
And now we are back together again  
By the silvery moonlight trail.

★ ★ ★

## 37 DUSTY TRAILS.

White face cattle lowing  
Along the dusty trail,  
Growing mighty weary  
As the daylight pales.

### CHORUS:

Dusty trails, weary cowboys,  
Round-up days are here again  
Early morning, hit the saddle,  
Ridin' ropin' swettin' smokin',  
Dusty trails.  
Dusty trails, the old chuck wagon,  
Like those cattle keep a rolling on  
Gleaming camp fires, day's work over,  
Roll on dogies, shadows falling,  
Dusty trails.

Flaming sun is setting,  
Cattle grazing nigh,  
Range land so peaceful  
Beneath the Western sky.



# Famous Cowboy Songs



## 38 WHEN THE CACTUS IS IN BLOOM.

The cattle prowled and the coyotes howled  
Out on that great divide.  
I never done no wrong, just singing a song,  
As down the trail I ride.  
Rattle snakes rattle at the prairie dogs,  
You hear that mournful tune.  
It's round-up time away out west  
When the cactus is in bloom.

### CHORUS :

Day-light comes and the cow-hands yell,  
They call out ev'ry man.  
I throw my saddle on my old cow-horse  
And drink my coffee from a can.  
The sun goes down on the cattle trail,  
And I'm gazing at the moon.  
It's round-up time away out west  
When the cactus is in the bloom.  
Yodle a-yee o-dle a-yee o-dee-o-dle a-yee.

We don't have cold weather,  
It never snows or rains.  
That is where the sun shines best,  
Out on the Western plains.  
Some of the boys have gone away  
But they will be back soon.  
It's round-up time away out west  
When the cactus is in bloom.

## 39 A BRIDLE ON THE WALL.

There's a bridle hanging on the wall  
And a saddle in an empty stall,  
You ask me why the tear drops fall,  
It's that bridle hanging on the wall.

There's a horseshoe nailed above the door,  
It's a shoe that my old pony wore.  
There's a faded blanket in the hall,  
And a bridle hanging on the wall.

### CHORUS :

With pony for my guide,  
That I use to ride down the trail,  
Watching the moon swing low  
But now that faithful friend,  
Has come to the end of the trail,  
He's gone where the good ponies go.

Oh! I know you folks think I'm crazy  
But I don't care what you say,  
If you ever had a pal like him,  
You'd know why I'm grieving this way,  
Why we rambled the range together for over  
seventeen years.

A man never had a more faithful friend,  
No I'm not ashamed of my tears.  
A faithful friend,-----Say-----Listen,  
He woke me up one night when he heard a  
noise on the prairie.

He knew what it was alright  
A stampede headed straight t'wards us,  
And he saw what he had to do.  
He ran to me dropped, but he saved my life ,  
I call that a friend, --- Don't you?

There's a bridle hanging on the wall,  
And a saddle in an empty stall,  
No more he'll answer to my call,  
There's a bridle hanging on the wall.

## 40 PRAIRIE BLUES.

Oh! I'm sad and I'm blue, for the days we once knew  
When I rode across the grassy old plain;  
When our bronchos we would rope,  
While our lariats would smoke,  
And their eyes a-shinin' like a flame.

O lee ay-lee, o ll ay, o lee ay-dle,  
O dee hee, o lee ay lee, o lee ay,  
O lee ay lee, o dee he.

Then the saddle we'd put on with a WHOOP!  
we were gone,  
While the bronco done his best to unwind;  
Then I'd dig him high in front, and he'd give  
a squeal and a grunt,  
Then he'd try to unload me from behind.

### YODEL :

He started twisting like a snake, till I thought  
my back would break,  
The saddle cinch she had to come in two;  
With a bang I hit the ground, while the stars  
flew all around,  
And my little broncho bid me fair adieu

### YODEL :

Now those cowboys days are done, catching  
bronchos on the run,  
No more branding like the deeds we used to do,  
Now we have to lay around in some dog-gone  
dirty town,  
Can you blame me 'cause I've got those  
prairie blues.

### YODEL :



# Famous Cowboy Songs



## 41 DOWN THE OLD CATTLE TRAIL.

Down the old cattle trail.  
Riding along and doing no wrong,  
Stars are twinkling in the heavens above  
While I'm singing my cowboy song.

### CHORUS:

I go swinging along, yodelling a song  
Just riding along down the old cattle trail

### YODEL:

Rolled up in my blankets by the old cattle trail  
Listenin' to the nite birds and coyotes wail,  
Over the trees shines a pale yellow moon  
Down the old cattle trail a swinging along

Roll my blankets at the break of day  
Head cross the prairie far, far, far away  
Round-up is over I'll soon get my pay  
Back to my home I'll stray.

Swingin' along on my old pony "Pete"  
Singin' a song, keepin' time to her feet  
Be back again 'twill be such a treat  
The old folks again to meet.

## 42 THE COWBOY THAT NEVER RETURNED.

Theres a cowboy that who'll never return boys,  
He lies just the top of that knoll,  
His old faithful horse lies beside him,  
His saddle and old blanket roll.

If you'll listen I'll tell you my story  
It happen on last Sunday morn,  
We were cutting some strays from the herd boys,  
He was called to that great land beyond.

Old silver his pony was ageing  
His step was'nt any too sure,  
He sure did his best always faithful,  
We all knew his days soon were o'er.

This day his work was too hard, boys,  
He tripped when his foot hit a hole,  
He turned clean over and lay there  
And beneath him poor Charley lay cold.

When the sun says good night to the prairie,  
We fulfilled our pals last request  
When he said let us both rest together,  
But be sure that we're both facing west.

While we both stood there with heads bowed  
in silence,  
My tear drops fell unshamed  
I then realized how we'd miss him  
Memories of our old pal still remained.

There's a cowboy that will never return, boys  
He'll join in our round-up no more,  
They say we'll all meet way up yonder,  
Where all cowboys troubles are o'er.

And some times it sure makes me wonder,  
When at last it comes to our turn,  
Will we meet once again like those old days  
With the cowboy that never returned.

## 43 COWBOY'S WEDDIN' IN MAY.

Theres a merry time a coming on the 21st of May,  
Theres going to be a weddin' in a real old round-up way.  
Come on you merry cowgirls where ever you reside  
And watch the bow-legged cowboy step up and  
take his bride.

After the round-ups over and all the brandin's done,  
I'm going to start a ridin' there'll sure be lots of fun,  
Oh what a grand re-union as we gather for the fray,  
A real old round-up weddin' on the 21st of May.

We're going to hold a weddin' in the old round-up corral,  
We're going to set the preacher on sway back pinto Pal,  
When the words are spoken how could you love that high,  
And every doggone cowboy will kiss his loving bride.

The sun is shining brightly, Oh what a prefect day,  
We're ready for the weddin' on the 21st of May,  
Here comes the happy bridge-groom a swinging  
down the trail,

His horses main all roses and boquets on his tail.

He sure was feeling happy as he stepped down  
to the ground,

He walked around in circles, said boy, I've been to town,  
He then produced his license to win his loving star,  
The preacher looked and fainted, t'was one to drive a car.

We couldn't stop the weddin' he gave us all a tip,  
And soon we all made merry, we' had our little sip.  
We all were sitting pretty until the knot was tied  
And every one a longin' to kiss the loving bride.

And then the thing it happened, it was just a little fate,  
The preacher started swaying, he couldn't sit up straight.  
We viewed the situation pronounced them man and wife.  
Wished on them a dozen kids and good luck all their life.

An now the weddin's over until another year,  
We'll ride the lonely ranges and herd the ornry steer.  
This year was just a starter but what I hear folks say,  
There'll be another weddin' on the 21st of May.

★ ★ ★

## 44 KEEP SMILING OLD PAL.

You say that you'e lonely and want me to write  
That the angels above only know you're sad plight  
You long for old times with a fond memory  
When we were two pals with a heart light and free.

### CHORUS:

Keep smiling old pal, through you know you're to blame,  
You'd rather another than I take you're name,  
We both made a pledge, that if we chanced to part,  
No other fond love would steal into our hearts.

But those golden dreams keep clinging to me  
When we harmonized songs 'neath the cottonwood tree,  
The strumming guitar and cool rippling stream,  
Keep smiling old pal, it'll break in a dream.

The set of the sun brings memories anew  
The stars take the place of the bright skies so blue,  
But the sun, moon and stars and bright skies so blue,  
Can never replace the day I lost you.





## Famous Cowboy Songs

### 45 LITTLE SILVER HAIRE SWEETHEART.

I'm writing this letter dear mother of mine  
I long for you always oh mother divine  
Those long weary days since I've been away  
I'm so blue and lonely and with these words, I'll say.

#### CHORUS:

Little silver haired sweetheart I'm coming to you  
Little silver haired sweetheart your worries  
now are through.

For when I was a baby and held on your knee  
You missed all life's pleasures all just for me  
Life's beats will be lighter ere days pass away  
When day dawn is breaking I'll be on my way.

Keep a light a-shining  
Shining through the pines  
Little silver haired sweetheart  
Dear mother of mine.

I've worked and I've saved waiting skies to be blue  
At night in my dreams I'd see visions of you  
In a little cabin shaded by the pines  
Little silver haired sweetheart, dear mother of mine.

### 46 THE ANSWER TO BURY ME OUT ON THE PRAIRIE.

You say you've no use for the women,  
That none of them are true.  
So we're all selfish and grasping,  
And none have hearts that are true blue,  
You say your pal was a good one  
That he was honest upright and true,  
Yet he turned to a gunman and gambler,  
On account of a woman he knew.

If he had been so honest and upright,  
And you say your pal was fair  
You must admit there was a lacking  
Will power to keep him square,  
For virtues you loudly have praised him,  
Yet he was caught in the great sinning snare,  
Yes he turned to a gunman and gambler,  
But did a woman send him there.

Perhaps this woman was guilty;  
Perhaps she helped in his fall  
But because one was unfaithful  
Must you condemn us all.

Oh! men don't judge all the women,  
By the few that are known by you,  
Some day, some time you will find her,  
The girl that will prove true.

—Sent in by a listener.

### 47 TREASURE UNTOLD.

Dreaming of you, and you eyes of blue,  
I've loved you forever it seems,  
I have longed for you dear,  
Wanted you near, you are the girl of my dreams,  
Altho' I have met you just now,  
I'll tell you of my love somehow.

#### CHORUS:

If I could but win your heart, little girl,  
then I would have treasures untold.  
The kisses you give me in lifes sweetest dreams  
are even more precious than gold.

I love your sweet face and your dear smiling  
eyes how often this story's been told.  
If I could but win your heart, little girl,  
then I would have treasurers untold.

Eyes that are diamonds are yours, sweetheart,  
Your lips are the rubies so rare,  
And your teeth are the pearls,  
Gold in your curls, your smile has taught  
me to care,  
My vision of love holds just you,  
And you can make my dreams come true.

### 48 YOU AND MY OLD GUITAR.

I could never be lonely, I could never be blue,  
As I go through life if only I have my  
Guitar and you,  
Why should I ever worry, why should I be sad,  
We travel through in a hurry, sharing the  
good and bad.  
Where ever I'm you are near me, giving  
me happy-ness.  
And when I'm down you cheer me.  
Nothing is better than this.

#### CHORUS:

Here we go just us three  
Oh how happy we will be  
I'll hook my ladder to a silvery star  
Climb up there with my old Guitar. YODEL:

All around we wander,  
First we're here and then there.  
But I never stop to ponder,  
If the clouds are dark or fair  
In a one horse town or city.  
No matter where we are  
I'm happy if I have you with me,  
You and my old Guitar.  
We'll travel the road together  
Leading to land afar.  
No matter what the weather  
Struming my old Guitar.

### 49 I'LL MEET YOU AT THE ROUND-UP IN THE SPRING.

Pictures of the prairie make me lonely,  
Though I'm many thousand miles away, Ah, Ah.  
Keep my job for me and I'll give my word to thee,  
I'll meet you at the round-up in the spring.

#### CHORUS:

There we'll ride together side by side----  
Roundin' up and cutting out the strays----  
A life thats hard but free, Ha! Ha! is the only  
life for me,  
I'll meet you at the round-up in the spring.

Run in my old pony of the ranges,  
Treat him kindly and he'll understand;  
My saddle, spurs and hat, where we had  
our last chat,  
I'll meet you at the round-up in the spring.

Buddy I will soon be on the trail back home,  
City life for cowboys never pay, Ah, Ah,  
Around the old carrol just to chat with my old pal,  
I'll meet you at the round-up in the spring.

### 50 EVERYBODY'S BEEN SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

A little frail mother sat rocking  
In an old broken down rocking chair,  
Her hair was all ringlets of silver,  
She was singing this familiar old air.

#### CHORUS:

Every boy has been some mother's darlin'  
Every girl has been some mother's pride,  
Every father has been some mother's swain,  
She's an angel a mother our guide,  
So remember you're some mother's darling,  
She waits there just to hear from you, hoo, hoo.  
Why not make her you're little darling,  
Don't let her be lonesome and blue.

A letter would brighten her pathway from her  
loved one so make this her day,  
And remember we all had a mother,  
Don't forsake her when she's old and grey.



# Alberta Slim

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**Alberta Slim** (b. Eric Charles Edwards, Feb. 2, 1910 - Nov. 26, 2005) was a Canadian country music singer.

Slim was born Eric Charles Edwards in Wiltshire, England, and emigrated with his family to Canada as a child. He was a hobo during the Great Depression, riding the railroads and playing on street corners as a guitarist and yodeler.<sup>[1]</sup> He played in an amateur talent show at Regina station CKCK; soon after, in 1938, he was offered a job singing there. After this he held radio spots at CFQC in Saskatoon from 1940 to 1944, and then on Regina's CKRM from 1945 to 1947.<sup>[2]</sup>

Slim started a traveling circus in the 1940s which included an elephant who could play harmonica, a singing dog, a chimpanzee on a bicycle, and a horse which Slim claimed could see the future.<sup>[1]</sup> In 1949, he had his first hit on record, "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Annapolis Valley", released on Gavotte Records.<sup>[2]</sup> Later, RCA Victor signed him and released songs such as "Waltz Evelina Waltz", "You Say I'm a Fool", "My Annapolis Valley Home", and "It's Too Late to Care".

After his career ended, he got a job in British Columbia selling real estate. In 1997, he was asked to perform again at the Vancouver Folk Festival. He continued to perform until he was 93; he died in 2005 at the age of 95.<sup>[1]</sup>

## References

- <sup>^</sup><sup>*a*</sup><sup>*b*</sup><sup>*c*</sup> Yodelling Cowboy Dead at 95. CBC, December 6, 2005. Accessed January 29, 2008.
- <sup>^</sup><sup>*a*</sup><sup>*b*</sup> Alberta Slim at Hillbilly-Music.com

## External links

- Official Alberta Slim site [1]

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